

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

THE morn was bright. The school was closed. And Tony felt memories stirring. Memories of Launceston, Devon, where he was once an evacuee, you recollect. Memories of picnics—with that other pup he had to leave behind.

Poor Goggles never had a picnic on those rolling Devonshire

hills. Heck! that was tough. Fancy a pup who never had a picnic of any kind! Now, what did a fellow need for a pup's picnic?

Must have food; must have grass on a sunshiny day like this; must have something to read—this week's "Dandy" would be fine.

Shouldn't be difficult. First thing is to see mother and fix the pocket-money. Next thing is to go up to the paper shop and buy the "Dandy," 'n then on to the butcher's to bag a bone.

On the way, o' course, may as well spy out the land for a likely spot, where there's a bit of shade, to read—and a bit of grass to lie on in the sun.

And so, in Tony's mind, it was all settled. Financial arrangements were quickly completed with mother, the pup's lead taken from the door-knob—and then Goggles couldn't be found!

Down in the cellar was a likely place—but yielded not a sign of canine life. Up in the kitchen, where Goggles often hangs around in case a piece of steak or a slice of liver happens to slip off the cook's table (she's never quick enough to rescue it!)—but no tyke there either! Upstairs again, higher and higher, rushes a panting Tony, just in case that sleepy pup has . . . and so he has . . . "Forevermore—he's in that bed again!"

There's nothing wakes Goggles up so quickly (once the day is reasonably advanced!) as the sight of his lead with its promise of a run—and, boy, oh boy!—he must have sensed that picnic!

It was meant to be a private affair, of course, but you know how things are around Fleet Street. No sooner had that white nose and the two black eyes peeped outside the door, than who should turn up but George Greenwell, your "Good Morning" Cameraman. And so—on with the picnic, by numbers.



1.—From the dizzy heights of blitzed masonry, Tony and Goggles survey the landscape behind Fleet Street. It's not quite the rolling downs of Devon—but there IS a patch over there where a rich crop of green grass has forced its way through, to wave where a building once stood.



2.—The butcher HAD a bone—and the newsagent HAD a comic, in which Tony has wrapped it—so the journey begins, with Goggles' lead tautening, and Tony tugging, every time there's a post to be passed!



3.—Then Tony gets an idea—if he unwraps the bone and gives it the pup to carry, it may take Goggles' mind off these attractive stopping places which stand between them and the picnic site.

PICNIC FOR "FRONT PAGE PUP"



4.—Neath the shade of a bombed water tank, Goggles has gnawed the bone, while Tony reads the wrapping. There's a thrillin' tale in the "Dandy" this week. Meanwhile, Goggles wonders whether he would be missed if he made a dash back to that last post.



5.—Tony gets an urge for a snooze in the sun and makes for the grass, but the pup doesn't think things are quite right. Why should Tony be the only one with a sun-cover—and why does he want his jacket on?



6.—So Goggles gets to work in his own way. It's no use you tugging at that handkerchief, Tony, because you'll never get the piece that's in the pup's mouth!



7.—Getting a jacket off without getting up is always an awkward job if one is single-handed—but with Goggles around the thing's done in a couple of rips and one large rent.



8.—And so, with Goggles' head finally covered by that meaty paper, and thus no further cause to complain of inequality, we leave him and Tony in sunny slumber—at the end of a perfect picnic.

Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS—3

1.—The letters of the word "Astronomers" can be rearranged to make the words "Moon starers." See if you can make apposite anagrams of: PUNISHMENT, CATALOGUES.

2.—Which of the following words are mis-spelt: Veterinary, Itinerary, Accessibility, February, Burgular?

3.—Can you change the word CAKE into the word POST, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word at each alteration? Change in the same way: CANED into MARKS; DIET into MEAL; MILK into CAFE.

4.—"Madam, I'm Adam," is a sentence which reads the same backwards as forwards. Another example is Napoleon's alleged confession, "Able was I ere I saw Elba." Here is three-quarters of a third example, for you to finish: "Paget saw an Irish tooth, sir"

Answer to Yesterday's

Pub Crawl

Answer.—The pubs should be visited in this order: White Hart, Blue Lion, Red Deer, White Horse, Green Man, Dun Pig, Black Dog.

Super Brains Trust

EVERYBODY has a right to an opinion—everybody has a right to think for himself. Great men are not always correct. We have put a simple question to some of the wisest men the world has ever known, but they do not seem to have got very near a satisfactory answer. Perhaps you can make some bright suggestions yourselves?

The question we put was:
"We all love beautiful things, but we don't really know why. What is beauty?"

Socrates: "Everything is good and beautiful for whatever purpose it serves well, but bad and ugly for what it does not."

Everyman: "Why, then, is a dung-basket a beautiful thing?"

Socrates: "Of course it is, and a golden shield is ugly, if the one be beautifully fitted to its purpose and the other not."

Ruskin: "I entirely disagree. That bending trunk, waving to and fro in the wind above the waterfall, is beautiful, though it is perfectly useless to us. The same trunk, hewn down and thrown across the stream, has lost its beauty. It serves as a bridge—it has become useful, and its beauty is gone. Saw it into planks, and though now permanently useful, its beauty is lost for ever, or to be regained only when decay and ruin shall have withdrawn it again from use."

Aristotle: "I think this is all beside the point. Beauty con-

sists in proper order and size. For an animal or anything else made up of parts to be beautiful, it must not only have its various parts in order, but it must be a suitable size."

Coleridge: "I should like to develop that. I say that the beautiful is that in which the many, still seen as many, becomes one. Beauty is harmony."

Aristotle: "I agree. Beauty is diversity in uniformity, only

it must be of such a size that it can be seen as a whole."

Keats: "In my opinion, as a poet, beauty is truth and truth is beauty."

Everyman: "I don't see that at all. That I am in a submarine is truth, but I don't see much beauty in it. There are ugly truths. I think beauty is another name for perfection..."

But ugly things like poisons may be very perfect in their way. What do you think? Do you think beauty has anything to do with sex, and if so, how do you account for the beauty of a sunset?

QUIZ for today

"Night and Day"—Noel Coward, Irving Berlin, Cole Porter, George Gershwin?

"You Are My Heart's Delight?"—Oscar Straus, Johann Strauss, Franz Lehár, Sigmund Romberg?

"Rhapsody in Blue"—Reginald Foresythe, Hoagy Carmichael, George Gershwin, Irving Berlin?

"In Town To-night"—Edward German, Haydn Wood, Eric Coates, A. Ketelby?

"Keep the Home Fires Burning"—Lawrence Wright, Noel Gay, Leslie Stuart, Ivor Novello?

"I Love the Moon"—Herman Finck, Paul Rubens, Harry Parr-Davies, Ivan Caryll?

"If You Were the Only Girl"—Herman Darewski, Horatio Nicholls, Nat D. Ayer, Noel Coward?

"Smoke gets in your Eyes"—Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern, Noel Coward, Cole Porter?

Answers to Yesterday's

Quiz

1. John Gunther.
2. 1937.
3. J. Ramsay MacDonald.
4. Merle Oberon.
5. Disraeli (1804-1881).
6. The Scottish Regiments, so named because of their ferocity and kilts.
7. Preserving eggs.
8. Russia.
9. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.
10. River Irrawaddy.
11. In his hair.
12. One-quarter as 24-carat gold is pure gold.

Answers to Wangling

Words—2

1. **Sampstress** contains five consonants running. **Glowworm** contains a double-w.

2.—Definite, Occupation, Excessive, Marvellous.

3.—WEAK, WEAL, WELL, WALL, WALK, COLD, COLT, CULT, CULL, CURL, CURE.

BEAR, REAR, REAL, PEAL, PEAT, SEAT, SENT.

SOAP, SOUP, SOUL, FOUL, FOIL, FAIL, PAIL.

Answer to Yesterday's

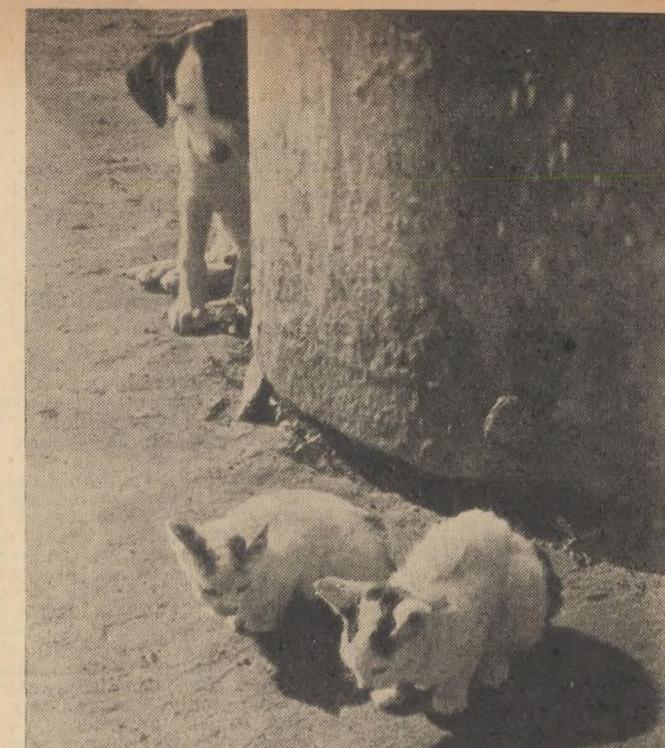
Blank-Blank Verse

Missing words: Prides, prised, spider.

JANE

...TO THINK THAT WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN MARRIED AND ON OUR HONEYMOON BY NOW, DARLING!

YES—INSTEAD OF FLYING OFF TO A FOREIGN LAND TO MAKE LOVE TO TWO ENTIRE STRANGERS!!



Give it a name

Let's have the best title your crew can devise for this picture.

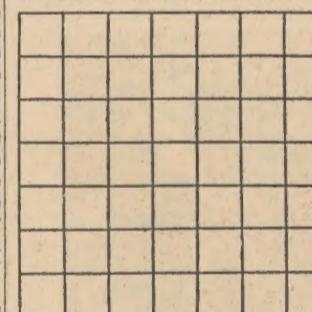
NEMO of the NAUTILUS

Adapted from Jules Verne's famous Novel

to renew its provision of air, and it was guided entirely by the compass and log.

I therefore only saw of the Mediterranean what passengers by an express see of the country that is flying before their eyes—that is to say, the distant horizon, and not the nearer objects which pass like a flash of lightning. However, Conseil and I could notice some of the Mediterranean fish, the power

FIND THE SQUARES



SEE if you can put pencil marks in seven of these forty-nine small squares, so that no two marks are in the same horizontal, vertical or diagonal row of squares.

of whose fins would keep them for some moments in sight of the Nautilus.

As to zoophytes, I was for some instants able to admire a beautiful orange galeolaria that had fastened itself to the triboard panel; it was

a long tenuous filament, spreading out into infinite branches and terminating by the finest lace that the rivals of Arachne could ever have woven. Unfortunately, I could not take this admirable specimen, and no other Mediterranean zoophyte would have offered itself to my observation if the Nautilus, during the evening of the 16th, had not singularly slackened speed under the following circumstances:

We were then passing between Sicily and the coast of Tunis. In the narrow space between Cape Bon and the Straits of Messina, the bottom of the sea rises almost abruptly. There a sort of ridge has formed, on which there is only about eight fathoms of water, whilst on either side the depth is about ninety fathoms. The Nautilus was therefore obliged to be steered prudently in order not to strike against the submarine barrier.

I showed Conseil, on the chart of the Mediterranean, the spot where this reef is situated.

"It is like a veritable isthmus," said Conseil, "joining Europe to Africa."

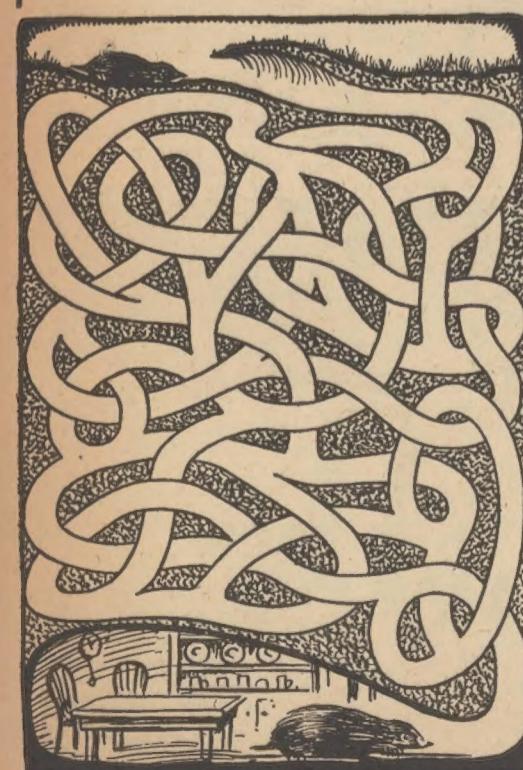
"Yes, my boy," I answered, "it entirely barricades the Straits of Syria, and Smith's soundings have proved that in former times the continents were joined between Cape Boco and Cape Furina."

"I can quite believe that," answered Conseil.

"I may add," I continued, "that a similar barrier exists between Ceuta and Gibraltar, which, in geological times, closed in the whole Mediterranean."

Continued on Page 3.

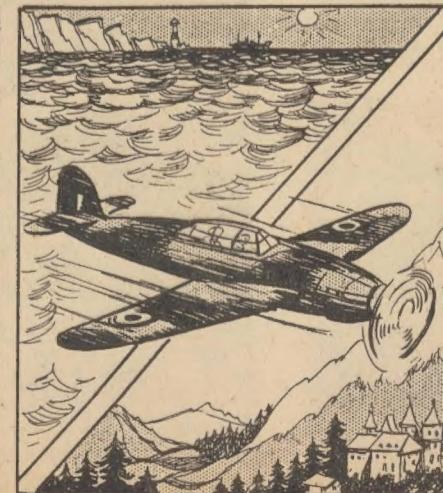
MOLE HILL



Mrs. Mole goes out of her burrow to meet her husband and see what he has got for lunch. She takes the shortest route by instinct. Which is it?

Note. This is a "solid" maze, and where you can see that a tunnel runs behind another you may follow it round. You do not stop because there happens to be an ink line across your path.

There are no blind alleys or dead ends to this maze.



Beelzebub Jones**Belinda****Popeye****Ruggles****NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS***Continued from Page 2.*

"What if some volcanic outburst should one day raise these barriers above the waves!"

"That is hardly probable, Conseil."

"But if such a phenomenon were really to happen it would be a bad thing for Monsieur de Lesseps, who is giving himself so much trouble to pierce his isthmus."

"Yes, it would; but I repeat, Conseil, it will not happen. The violence of the subterranean forces goes on diminishing. The volcanoes, so numerous in the early days of the world's history, are gradually being extinguished; the anterior heat is growing weaker, the temperature of the lower strata of the globe is lowered in an appreciable degree each century, and to the detriment of our globe, for this heat is its life."

"But the sun—"

"The sun is insufficient, Conseil. Can it put heat into a corpse?"

"Not that I know of."

"Well, my friend, the earth will

one day be this cold corpse. It will become uninhabitable, and will be uninhabited like the moon, which long ago lost her vital heat."

"In how many centuries?" asked Conseil.

"In some hundreds of thousands of years, my boy."

"Then," answered Conseil, "we have time to finish our voyage if Ned Land does not interfere with it."

And Conseil, reassured, returned to the study of the high bottom that the *Nautilus* was skirting at moderate speed.

During the night between the 16th and 17th of February we entered the second Mediterranean basin, the greatest depths of which are found at 1,500 fathoms. The *Nautilus*, under the action of its screw, gliding over its inclined planes, sank into the lowest depths of the sea.

There, instead of natural marvels, the mass of waters offered me many touching and terrible scenes. In fact, we were then crossing all that part of the Mediterranean so

it was at the entrance to the Straits of Gibraltar.

There two currents exist—an upper current, long since known, that conveys the waters of the ocean into the Mediterranean basin, and a lower counter-current, of which reasoning has now shown the existence. For the volume of water in the Mediterranean, incessantly increased by the Atlantic current and the rivers that flow into it, must raise the level of the sea every year, for its evaporation is insufficient to restore the equilibrium. As this is not the case, we must naturally admit the existence of a lower current that pours through the Straits of Gibraltar, the overplus of the Mediterranean into the Atlantic.

We proved this fact. The *Nautilus* profited by this counter-current. It rushed rapidly through the narrow passage. For an instant I caught a glimpse of the admirable ruins of the temple of Hercules, sunk, according to Pliny and Avienus, with the low island on which it stood, and a few minutes later we were afloat on the waves of the Atlantic.

(Continued to-morrow)

Yes—I Saw a Banana

If you want to make money after the war—grow bananas. If you want to grow bananas, go to Central America. If you don't want to go to Central America, you can still grow bananas elsewhere. This was the advice of a Central American banana merchant to a "Good Morning" reporter.

The banana merchant was sitting in a West End hotel in London, wiping tears from his eyes as he thought of the money he was not losing. Everybody wants bananas, but few can buy them on this side of the Atlantic. And the banana merchant was weeping when he thought of the money he could make if his crops could come over here.

Through his tears, he gave a lot of information about bananas which you would never guess. Señor Ytamala is the merchant's name. Columbia is his country. He had only one banana left out of a bunch he had brought to England via a commercial plane, and he was skinning it with his teeth as he talked.

The scientific name of the banana is *Musa sapientum*—fruit of the wise men. The banana does not grow on a tree. It grows upside-down, because of the weight of its clusters. It cannot be ripened successfully on its plant; it must be cut green. The Central American crops are worth about two millions sterling yearly in direct taxation to the Governments concerned. These Governments are Guatemala, Panama, Colombia, Mexico, Costa Rica—and Jamaica. There are about 150,000 citizens in the banana industry. There are enormous sums invested in properties.

And the banana does not belong to Central America at all. It came from Asia originally. Alexander the Great came across a crop when he was marching through the Near East. It can grow in many lands.

How it came to America is remarkable. In 1516 a Spanish missionary took some seed, or plants, to the New World. That started things. A British sea captain brought some of the "new fruit" home later—much later—and that started things here.

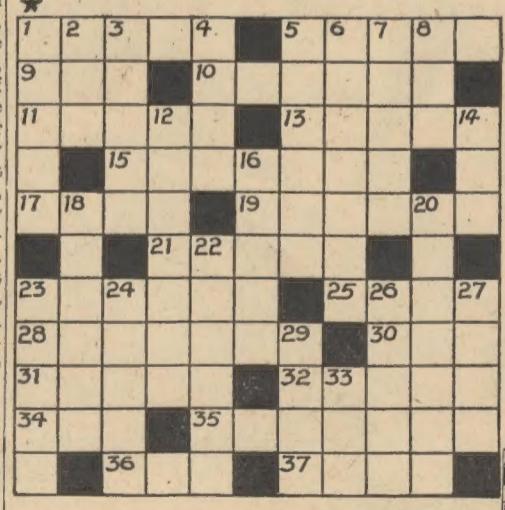
Sometimes as much as twenty per cent. of the harvest is lost through floods, hurricanes and "blow-downs." But owing to scientific cultivation and spreading of crops, the banana is now a perpetual harvest. It can be cut for marketing every week, and almost every day, of the year. A "stool" or hill comes into bearing within twelve months of planting. One stool produces about two bunches a year for from 20 to 25 years.

The humble banana employs railroad men, carpenters, plumbers, doctors, nurses, mechanics, pharmacists, and many others. In Guatemala and other countries they have started a new kind of irrigation, which links up towers fed by Diesel-driven pumps from wells, rivers and canals. Banana railroads push their way through jungles towards the sea seeking shipping to take the bananas away. There is a race on for after-the-war banana trade.

In Western Panama the Chiriquí Land Company have opened up 25,000 prize banana acres. At Costa Rica the big Banana Company has converted the end of a mountain into a deep-water port! In 1939 a jungle railway was cut through to link up the centre at Parita with Quepos. All the "banana republics" are getting ready for the rush.

Shipping orders can be radioed to farm overseers when the ship is due to call. Crews are sent out to cut the bananas down,

STUART MARTIN.

CROSSWORD CORNER**CLUES ACROSS.**

1 Storms.
5 Sort of Hat.
9 Lubricant.
10 Settle up in advance.

11 Stage show.

13 Thinner.

15 Touch.

17 Begin.

19 Entertain.

21 Lazy-bones.

23 Brilliance.

25 Roe.

28 Set free.

30 Smart blow.

31 Disdain.

32 Saw.

34 Sheep.

35 Stirred up.

36 Woeful.

37 Attention.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

ACCORDS LOP RULE AFIRE

HARDY PANNE UNBENT DIAL

M RAIMENT PER RAY GEM

DEWDROP I PIPE ASIDES

A BEAM OVALS CLARE TOSS

EEL WHETHER

CLUES DOWN.

1 Cowboy's show. 2 Tune. 3 Sugared. 4 Nine inches. 5 Speak ill of. 6 Gourmet. 7 Preaches noisily. 8 Cricket score. 12 Responsible pupil. 14 Disenumber. 16 Stories. 18 Sudden descent. 20 Employed. 22 Buzzed. 23 Vigorous. 24 Hits hard. 26 Grind. 27 Went fast. 29 Every one. 33 Embossing stamp.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed
to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

See no evil
Speak no evil
Hear no evil



This England

"Now, who on earth is this, butting in on our fishing party? The impudence. You keep them covered, Fido, and you, Ann, stay as you are, and if they say anything, tell them that you were just going to put the fish back into the water."

**Don't forget
the Diver!**

"I can't bear to see it."
"If only I COULD say what I think."

"I may be stopping up my ears; but, boy, oh, boy! I MUST get a grip on myself."



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Leave me the milky part guvnor."



Well, well. Now, isn't THAT a nice cup of tea? And who the heck needs one more than a guy who spends his days immersed in salt water?